

## Accidental Rubbing

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/28759992) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/28759992>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a> , <a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Frotting</a> , <a href="#">Mutual Masturbation</a> , <a href="#">Accidental Boners</a> , <a href="#">Accidental Boner</a> , <a href="#">Accidental Stimulation</a> , <a href="#">Accidental Kissing</a> , <a href="#">Messy orgasm</a> , <a href="#">potential second hand embarrassment</a> , <a href="#">Second-Hand Embarrassment</a> , <a href="#">Humiliation</a> , <a href="#">but like super light</a> , <a href="#">George is a little mean</a> , <a href="#">But only a little</a> , <a href="#">And Dream is embarrassed but determined</a> , <a href="#">Embarrassment</a> , <a href="#">Podfic Available</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 5 of <a href="#">Dream Team SMUT fics</a>
Collections:	<a href="#">you've read this fucker .:]</a> , <a href="#">MCYT</a> , <a href="#">FAV BOOKS !!</a>
Stats:	Published: 2021-01-14 Words: 2016

## Accidental Rubbing

by [Fetish Ball \(arsenicarose\)](#)

### Summary

As George climbed, his knee rubbed between Dream's legs. He didn't even realize until Dream let out the most *obscene* sound, and his entire face immediately flushed pink. "Oh God..."

(AKA repression and fighting over the remote leads to something interesting.)

### Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

- Inspired by [\[Podfic\] Accidental Rubbing](#) by [The Reader \(arsenicarose\)](#)

"Dream, I'm serious. We aren't watching *The Room* !" George groaned, "I want to watch something *good* !"

"*The Room* is good! It's hilarious!" Dream insisted.

"It's hilariously *bad* ," George corrected. "Watch it on your own time."

“Well, I have the remote, so what are you going to do?”

“I’ll take it from you and watch something better!”

“No you won’t,” Dream countered, rolling his eyes.

“Watch me.” With that, George lunged at the couch, landing against the side of Dream’s body.

Dream just put his arm in the air, hiding the remote behind his head. “You can try, but I’m taller than you, so good luck.”

“For fuck’s sake, Dream.”

Dream stuck out his tongue.

“That’s it.” George clamored into Dream’s lap, pressing the full length of his body against Dream’s with one goal in mind. He had to get that stupid remote. Dream was laughing the entire time, easily playing keep away with George, much to his frustration. He started to pull himself up Dream’s body, clambering so he could reach.

As George climbed, his knee rubbed between Dream’s legs. He didn’t even realize until Dream let out the most *obscene* moan, and his entire face immediately flushed pink. “Oh God...”

“Uh... Dream...? What the hell was *that* ?” With Dream distracted and embarrassed, George easily grabbed the remote and slid off as quick as he could.

“Nothing! Don’t worry about it! Let’s just watch whatever stupid movie.”

“Did you just *moan* ?” George teased.

“Shut up, George!”

“Are you getting hard from that too?” George was enjoying it way too much, as in, he was actually starting to get aroused, but he couldn’t stop mocking Dream.

“Shut *up* , George!! You rubbed against my... You know... If I did it to you, you would react the same! It’s a natural, automatic response that has nothing to do with anything else!”

“Uh huh. Suuuure. Listen, it’s okay to admit you liked it, Dream. I don’t mind.” Why did the thought of Dream enjoying it make him so happy? George tried not to think about it.

“Fine, let me do it to you, then! See how well you fair!”

“Uh, Dream, are you asking to touch my dick right now?”

The heat raced through Dream’s cheeks immediately, and the blush was so dark that even George could see it through contrast alone. “That’s not what I meant...”

“What did you mean then?”

“That’s not what I meant!” Dream repeated, “I just wanted to make a point that if someone, ANYONE stimulated your... parts, it would... affect you.”

“So what you’re saying is that you want to touch my cock so that you can *turn me on* ?”

“Nevermind.”

“No, Dream, I just want to make sure we are being clear here.”

“NEVERMIND! Just put on a movie already, Jesus.”

George decided to be kind and drop it, though it was something he really did want to discuss. That moan was one of the hottest sounds he had ever heard in his life, and he definitely wanted to make it happen again if he could. George couldn't help but stare at Dream, barely able to focus on the movie. The inattentiveness was so bad that they might as well have been watching *The Room*.

Dream was staring at the screen so intently that it had to be an act. It was like he was putting all of his energy into paying attention specifically, which meant he probably wasn't paying attention at all. George couldn't tell if Dream knew he was watching him.

By the end of the movie, George was incredibly worked up. He wanted to ask right out, but Dream had been *so* insistent that it was autonomous and had nothing to do with him. There was no way George could reveal what Dream had done to him without knowing how Dream felt in return.

“So, how did you like the movie?” George asked evenly.

“*The Room* would have been better,” Dream replied sullenly.

“Yeah? Why's that?”

“Don't worry about it.”

“Is it because, if we had just watched *The Room*, you wouldn't have *moaned*,” George teased.

“That's it. Give me the remote. We're watching it now, as punishment.”

“No, I'm not watching it. Fuck off.” George stuck out his tongue.

“Is this really what you want to do?” Dream asked, eyebrow raised.

George crossed his arms defiantly. “Yes. What are you going to do about it?”

Dream crossed the room in two steps to stand in front of the recliner, which immediately filled George with a kind of panicked desire. He really couldn't tell if Dream was angry or horny (or both?), but it was definitely turning him on.

Dream paused right in front of him, as if asking permission. The confidence from his determined stride melted away, and then it was Dream, standing there and wondering what he was doing.

George decided to help him. He showed Dream the remote, wiggling it tantalizingly, before tucking it behind his head.

“Give me the remote, George.”

For a moment, George was worried that he was pushing too much, that he was making Dream do something he didn't want to do, but then he realized that Dream could easily take the remote without getting in his lap. “No.”

“Fine.”

Dream didn't get into George's lap at first. He started to reach for it by using his height. George tried to hide his disappointment and still barely managed to keep the remote away, though it wouldn't work for long. Dream became exasperated and slotted his knee between George's thighs

for leverage.

George stopped moving immediately. Just the pressure from Dream's knee had him fully erect. Heat rose in his cheeks. He was certain that Dream could feel him growing against his thigh.

Dream's eyes met his with an intense gaze. With a small smirk, he pressed his knee in and rubbed it up, just a little, but it was enough. George cried out, and his hips thrust up once against Dream's leg, desperate for more, before he could even stop himself. While he was distracted, Dream grabbed the remote and sat back down, a satisfied grin painted across his face.

"Dream, what the hell?!" George demanded, completely flushed by that point.

"What? I just had to prove my point. Anyone can accidentally make a noise when stimulated."

"Yeah, but you did it on *purpose* ! I didn't mean to!"

"So? I was making a point."

George stood, shaking slightly with nerves. Was he really going to do this? "I can make a point to. We're not watching that movie."

"What are you gonna do about it?" Dream goaded.

George didn't even answer. He just stormed over to the couch Dream was sitting on. "Give it to me."

"Take it from me."

"You think I won't?"

"I know you won't." Dream grinned wider, hiding the remote behind him. "Because I won't let you."

George didn't hesitate. He was straddling Dream in a second, his ass firmly on Dream's cock. He didn't bother to even reach for the controller. That wasn't the game they were playing, at least not anymore. His hands braced against Dream's body, and then he kissed Dream.

It was a short kiss, basically a peck on the lips. The moment it connected, George was shocked back into himself. He hadn't *actually* intended to kiss him. He pulled away, horrified, with his ass brushing against the erection in Dream's pants.

"Oh, fuck, I'm sorry! I don't know what came over me!" George said, covering his face with his hands. He pushed away, planning to get off and never speak to Dream again.

Dream's hands interlocked in the small of George's back, holding him against Dream's thighs. "Wait..."

George peered at Dream through his fingers, hesitant but hopeful.

"Do it again..." Dream whispered.

"Yeah?" George's hands dropped, grabbing on to Dream's shirt.

"Please..."

George sank back into Dream's body, slowly and carefully. Some part of him was worried that

Dream was just doing this to prove a point or tease him further, but Dream leaned up, closing the distance between them faster and kissing George intensely. Dream held George close to his body, and George threw his arms around him.

The kisses quickly became impatient, and George started tugging on Dream's shirt. They separated for a moment, giving each of them enough time to strip their tops, before falling back into the kiss. George started running fingers down Dream's chest, savoring the soft skin, and kissed down to his neck.

Dream moaned, and it was a beautiful sound. George wanted more, so he lay more kisses in the crook of Dream's neck, nipping at his throat a little. Dream threw his head back, arching needily just from that.

"So, completely automatic response, right, Dream?" George ran his palm against Dream's clothed cock, rubbing it up and down. "Has nothing to do with the person who touched it?"

"Yeah, ahhn, like I could, oh!, tell you! I didn't, mmmm, think you'd, mmmm!, be into it."

"Then why do it back to me?" George asked, pulling his hand away.

Dream pouted. "Because you were almost literally begging me to do so, and I had hope. Please, keep touching me..."

"Only if you touch me back."

Dream's hands spilled down George's body immediately, petting soft skin until he came to the band of George's pants. He was far too impatient to rub through the fabric, so he just yanked the pants down, and George popped free, hard and ready.

"Oh!" George hadn't expected that, but he was definitely excited. He pulled Dream's cock free of his pants too, and let them fall against each other.

"You don't know how long I've wanted this," Dream murmured.

"Fuck, me too..."

George leaned over to the cabinet by the couch, stretching and pulling until he could get inside and grab a small bottle of lube.

"You really keep lube by the couch, George?" Dream asked, giggling.

"No, Dream, *you* do. This is your lube from the last time you decided to jack off to the flat screen."

"Oh... Um... Right..."

George wrapped his hand around both their cocks, pouring a good amount of lube over both of them, and started thrusting against it, bringing in some beautiful friction. "Don't worry, I only judge you a little."

"I appreciate that." Dream's fingers laced with George's around their dicks, and he bucked against their fists, up when George went down and vice versa, to maximize their pleasure. It was driving them wild.

George couldn't help but stare at them, so perfectly pressed together, leaking needily all over their entwined hands. He used a free thumb to circle each of their heads, first Dream's, then his, which

made them pulse beneath his touch.

Dream tilted George's chin until they were facing each other, then pulled him in. They pressed their bodies together, stomachs slick with lube, and kissed, writhing against each other as the pleasure became too much.

"Oh, *George*, please..." Dream begged, "Please, I'm- I'm so *close*."

"Me too. Let's, mmmm, let's cum together, okay?"

Dream nodded eagerly, hips stuttering as his orgasm started to crash over him, but he held off, waiting for George to get there too.

George threw his head back, bouncing up and down on Dream's lap and chasing his orgasm, which was approaching quickly. "Dream, oh, *Dream*!"

Finally, they spilled over, Dream first, followed closely by George. The cum shot everywhere, all over their torsos, a bit on George's face, and a lot of it pooling between their legs. They kept rubbing against each other, shuddering with pleasure, until it became too much.

George collapsed against Dream's torso, panting. "That was... That was certainly something..."

"Yeah... Yeah it was. Um, you wanna do it again sometime?" Dream sounded so nervous, too afraid to really even hold the man in his lap.

George leaned back, giving Dream a quizzical look, just to make him squirm, before connecting their lips again. He cradled Dream's cheeks in his hands and kissed him so softly, so tenderly, that Dream let out a little whimper. "I definitely want to do this again."

## End Notes

Hey! I have a Twitter now! Or, rather I had one, but I just never used it until recently.

You can check me out at [@Anoa Rayne](#)! Messages/comments/replies welcome! 😊  
Warning! It's NSFW!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!